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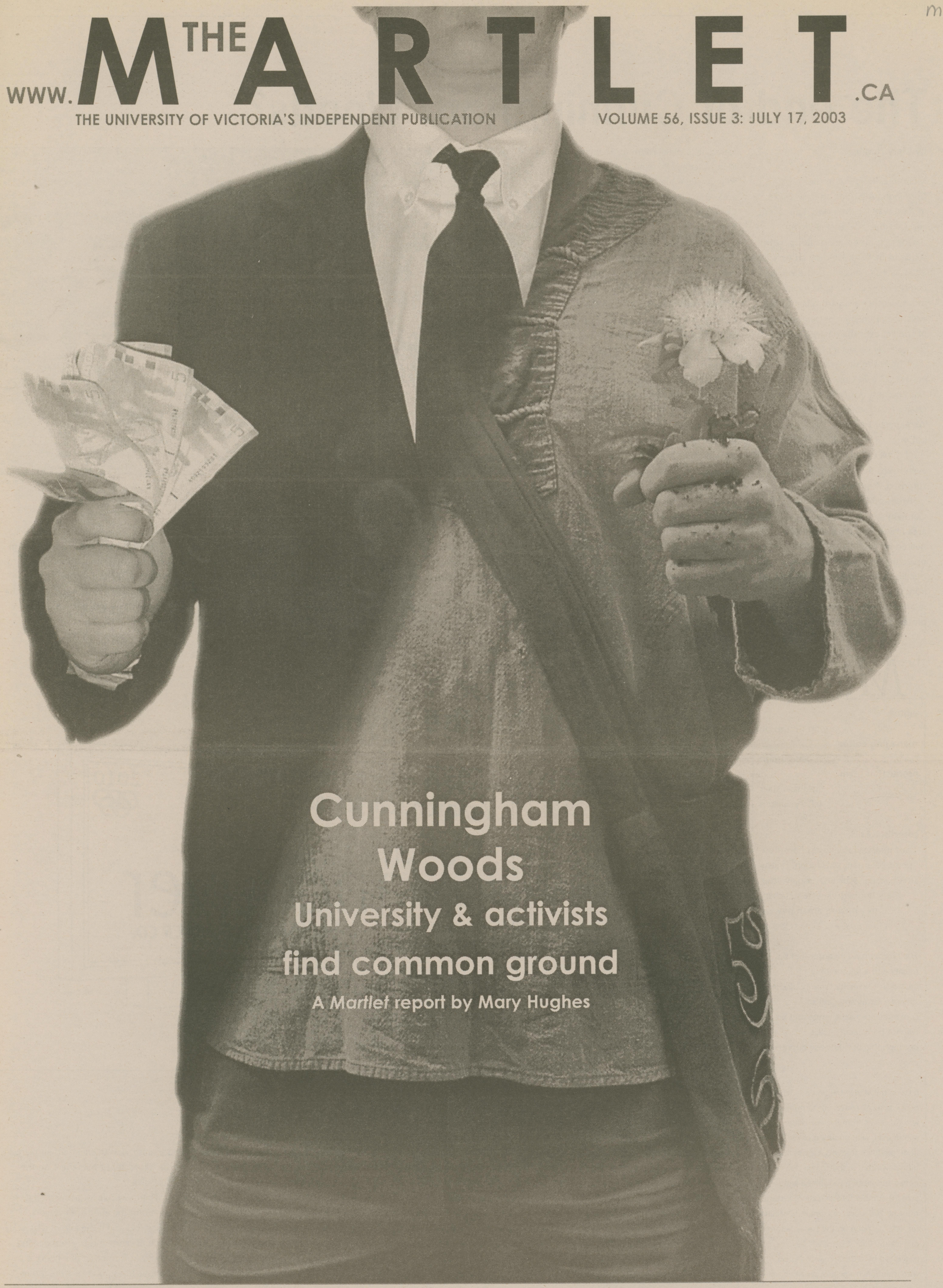
THE UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA'S INDEPENDENT PUBLICATION

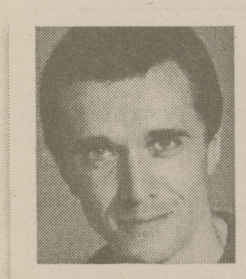
VOLUME 56, ISSUE 3: JULY 17, 2003



Cunningham Woods

University & activists find common ground

A *Martlet* report by Mary Hughes



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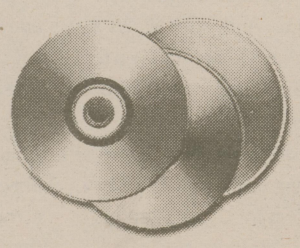
Prof accused of racism, university keeps quiet
by Aman Nirwan



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CD reviews!
CD reviews!
CD reviews!

FEATURE:
Northward bound:
Life after school
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The end of Cunningham Woods?

by Mary Hughes

More trees were cut in the Cunningham Woods on June 24-26, making way for the new Engineering and Computer Science Building.

The new six-storey building, which is due to be completed by January 2005, will sit adjacent to the existing Engineering Lab Wing. Its location was moved further away from the woods, which have been an ongoing source of conflict over the past year. The new site partially covers a parking lot.

"The entire site was pulled eastward," said University of Victoria Communications Director. "We had to clear a few trees from the eastern lot. We expected 40 trees to be cut down, but only 29 were cut."

"I think everybody is happy, I've even heard the words 'pleasantly surprised,'" he added.

Issues surrounding the Cunningham Woods, the last wooded area inside Ring Road, have been heated for over a year. When the university first proposed the new building sites it was met with protests from both students and community members. A "ring-around-the-woods" protest was organized before trees were cut to make room for the new Island Medical Building. Later, several tree-sits were built inside the original area where the new Engineering and Computer Science building was meant to occupy.

But since that time the latest tree-sit was abandoned, and after the last trees were cut it was dismantled.

Krista Roessing, a student who helped relocate native plants from the building sites to different green spaces around campus, said she still has concerns. "I can't say I'm totally pleased," she said, "but it's a step in the right direction."

Besides removing fewer than expected trees, revisions have also been made to the Campus Plan that laid out all the sites for construction around UVic. Both the Campus Development Committee (CDC) and then the University's Board of Governors unanimously passed the revised Campus Plan on May 12. The revisions include a ten-year moratorium on development that has been passed by the university in conjunction with the CDC and the University of Victoria Sustainability Project.

In addition to the moratorium, the CDC has passed a motion to put money into a restoration project for the woods and surrounding green spaces. "Three of the proposed campus plans for the Cunningham Woods are creating an ecological inventory, the restoration project and using it academically as a living laboratory," said Sarah Webb, a UVic student and member of the CDC.

The new Engineering and Computer Science Building includes energy-efficient, eco-friendly design features, like a permeable surface to collect water and the roof can accommodate solar panels. Even the toilets will be efficient, using grey water.

photo by John Thompson

From old-growth to sawdust, more trees inside the Cunningham Woods got the axe on June 26.

the Martlet 2003/04

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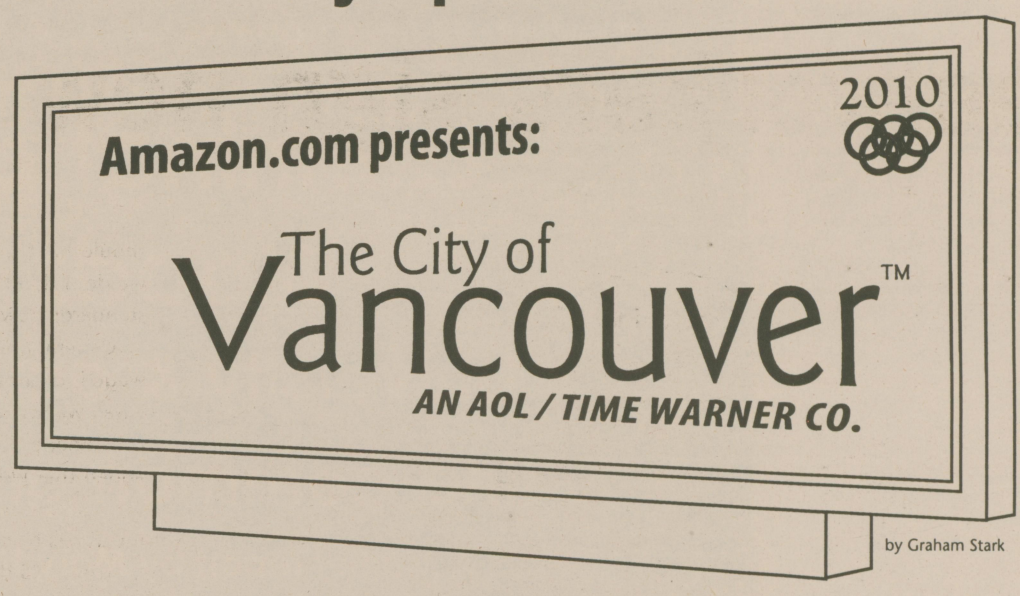
The Martlet publishes monthly through the summer.

Preparation for the Olympics...



by Graham Stark

...and so it begins.

Editorial

Siding with the status quo

Student newspapers have a proud tradition of adopting wild, radical editorial positions.

It's their role: to take a stand and defend the margins. Leave the big city dailies with their pompous pontifications on everyday affairs and the alternative newsweeklies with their Holier than Thou preachiness. (Okay, we have some of that too.) But hell, while the student press might lack funding, perceived credibility, and a large audience, at least it has blood and vitality so often lacking in mainstream publications.

But this month we've stepped out of our usual role and taken a position that nobody, we think, would have expected. We're siding with the university administration.

That's right.

There are some good reasons why we usually side with students when conflict hits campus, from protests against tuition fee hikes to coverage of campus development.

To begin, *The Martlet* is produced, and largely read, by students, so for issues like tuition fees it's easy to find common cause. It's also our role to be a watchdog on campus, and this often means casting a critical eye on what exactly those folks who inhabit the top floor of the Business and Economics Building are up to. And, after all, it's a lot more likely that *Martlet* staff will find themselves swilling beer in the campus pub with student activists, than downing highballs with David Turpin and Jack Falk over at the faculty club. (We're still waiting for that invitation.)

But there's a difference between being critical and being blindly critical. In the case of campus development, the administration deserves credit for spending the past few months negotiating with concerned students and community members. In the end, they struck a compromise: instead of dropping the new Engineering and Computer Science building in its original plot inside Cunningham Woods, the position was shifted, mostly overtop of a parking lot. Trees were cut, but fewer than planned.

Over the past year, the administration has faced some nasty criticism. When trees were cleared away for the Island Medical Building over the winter, it was dubbed "Turpin's Travesty" by one banner that flew over campus. This sort of vicious campaigning often does more damage than good. It doesn't communicate to students what happened, and it doesn't help persuade the administration to change their plans in the future. It just puts them on the defensive.

There is a role for activism. If it wasn't for the efforts of everyone concerned about the fate of that sickly patch of scrub and trees inside Ring Road that is so-often described as a majestic forest, odds are the future development of campus would have continued in a less conscientious, sustainable way.

But conflict needs to lead to common ground. Lately, it seems like some of that has been found. Not everyone is happy, as is always the case, and there will always be room for improvement.

We plan to keep a careful eye on the administration over the next year, but for the time being, congratulations are in order.

Prof accused of racism

by Aman Nirwan

Allegations of racism inside the University of Victoria's political science department has divided students and, according to an email from one professor, led to his contract not being renewed.

The email, sent by Dr. Andrew Andersen to his students in mid-June, reads: "Two of my ex-students have filed a complaint to the department, labelling me as a 'racist,' who is 'spreading hatred towards the minorities in general and Muslims in particular,' who is 'unfair with his students' and bases his courses not on books and other sources, but on 'lies and anecdotes.'"

Andersen's contract, which expires at the end of August, has not yet been renewed.

Neither the department chair nor Andersen himself would comment, since the review is meant to be confidential and is still underway.

The controversy has divided students attending summer classes. Some have organized petitions and written reference letters to defend Andersen, while others have formed groups to support the students who filed the complaints.

Maeghan Knowles is a fourth-year political science student who helped organize a petition to rally support for Andersen. After taking two classes with him, she describes Andersen as one of the best professors she's had. She said she was astonished and outraged when she received the email.

"I felt very hurt because I know Dr. Andersen – as a professor and as a person – and that is why I don't believe any of the accusations that were made," she said.

When glasnost was first happening in communist Russia, Andersen left for West Germany in his car, carrying the possessions he could and a few hundred dollars in cash. He later emigrated to Canada. Knowles said that, given his background, the accusations are incredible.

"All of the things they said about Dr. Andersen is everything he stands against and tries so hard in class to prevent from happening to any student," she said.

Others argue the issue is about respecting the complaints of students who feel excluded or uncomfortable in the classroom.

"This isn't about sides and I think that is where this whole issue is being misguided – this isn't about pro-Andersen or anti-Andersen," said David Ball, a fourth-year political science student who helped start the POD (Political Science Open Dialogue) committee as a safe space for students with concerns.

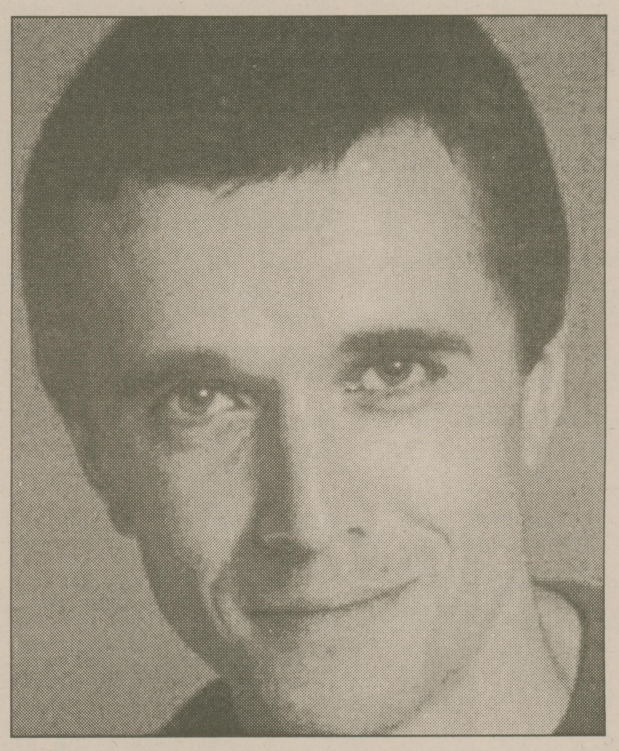
"What we're saying is that this is an extremely serious issue – this is not something to be thrown around with uninformed petitions and campaigns on behalf of the professor, because it is not about us versus them."

Soon after Knowles began organizing her petition, Dr. Warren Magnusson, the chair of the department, addressed her class where the petition began. He expressed his displeasure at their letters, she said, and warned them against becoming involved in an issue that is meant to be confidential.

"Needless to say I found this all very distressing as I know, for a fact, that these accusations are quite real, and it is firmly our role to speak out for issues that concern us," said Knowles.

Magnusson declined to comment, but Dr. John Schofield, the Dean of Social Sciences, agreed to speak in his place. He said when he began receiving letters of support from students for Andersen, he wondered what was going on.

"I didn't even know what was happening. So, when I started getting the letters, I had to find out what they were all about; initially, I thought it was yet another issue for me to deal with," he said.



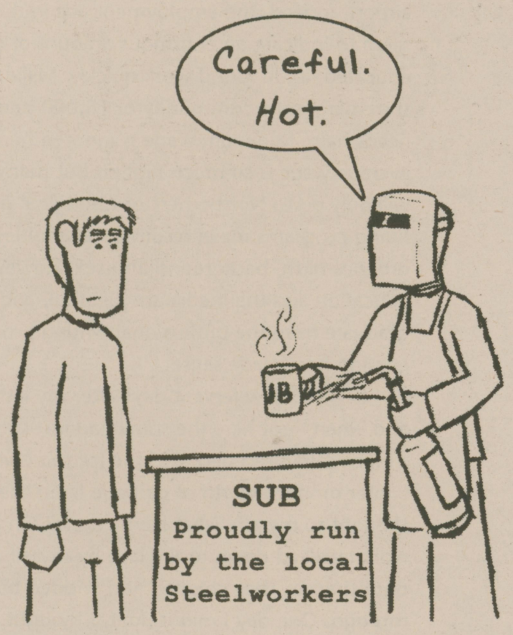
Dr. Andrew Andersen wrote to students in mid-July that he was being accused of racism in the classroom.

But he wouldn't comment further on the review, or whether the review was the reason why Andersen's contract hasn't been renewed so far.

"I do want to stress that we do take these matters very seriously and our concern to address them through appropriate processes as expeditiously as possible," said Schofield.

This isn't the first time the political science department has become embroiled in harrassment controversies. In the early 1990s, charges of sexism swept through universities campuses, dubbed the "Chilly Climate" debates. At UVic, a Chilly Climate report was published that alleged male professors inside the political science department made sexist or racist remarks. This was followed by threats of lawsuits by professors who felt their characters were maligned.

Steelworkers sign new contract in SUB



graphic by Graham Stark

by John Thompson

Tired of fighting the good fight, unionized workers inside the Student Union Building at UVic have at last signed a new collective agreement after prolonged negotiations with the UVic Students' Society (UVSS) that stretched over 16 months.

Members of the Steelworkers local voted 70 per cent in favour of the new agreement on Monday, July 7.

"It was a really long, difficult process," said Lisa Sheppard, manager of Cinecenta and president of the local. She said while workers are relieved to have an agreement reached, many are unhappy with some of the concessions made.

In particular, workers won't see significant wage increases under the new deal. The contract, which picks up after the last agreement expired in May 2002, includes a 0.5 per cent increase for 2003 and a one per cent increase in 2004. For general workers inside the building, who start at $9.75 an hour, less vacation pay, the pay increase amounts to a few extra cents an hour.

"I think a lot of people were pretty upset and shaken to see we weren't getting anything close to the cost of living," Sheppard said.

Ida Eriksen is the manager of the Graphics department and sat on the bargaining committee. She said during negotiations they checked the average wages of similar workers inside the university, government and industry, and found their wages come up short.

"What we're making now is what we should have been in 97," she said. "For what we do, I think we're certainly below industry standards now."

General Manager Marne Jensen agrees the wage increases are modest, but said that when wages are matched against the consumer price index, they keep up. She added that workers made considerable gains in a contract signed in 1997. Since that time, much has changed.

The UVSS discovered its budgets were out by hundreds of thousands of dollars in September, 2001, and the organization has scrambled to make itself fiscally sound ever since. The organization currently has a $1 million debt, and labour costs remain its major expense.

"If we look at our most profitable year," Jensen said, pointing to 1999 on a graph, "it'd still take 15 years to pay down our debt."

"We've done some controversial things," she added. Over the summer there have been layoffs and reduced hours inside the building, but Jensen defended the cutbacks as necessary.

"Everyone recognizes that when you don't have a profitable organization, you don't have jobs either," she said.

The new agreement does include modest benefits, including an extra allotment for the sick bank, increased hours for job-related training, and small increases to the RRSP fund, which has been restructured. The union is now locked into the RRSP until April 30, 2005.

Workers now have a reduced food discount, although "free coffee is safe," Jensen said.

Both union representatives and management alike said they hoped to improve their relationship with each other, and since the new contract expires April 30, 2005, both are already preparing to return to the bargaining table.

Sheppard said the union plans to negotiate an improved wage settlement, as well as keep an eye on how money is spent inside the building.

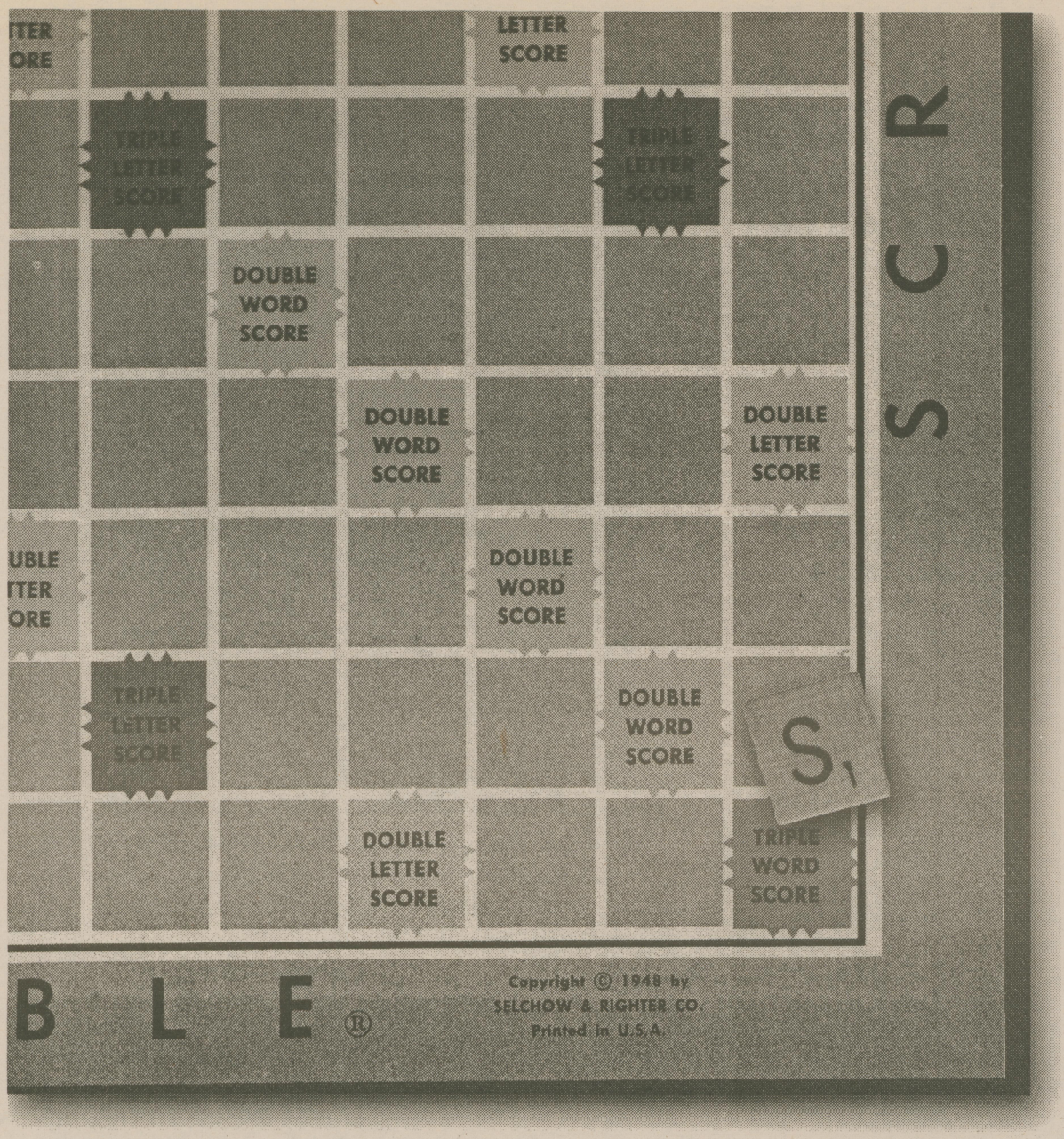
"We're also going to be much more active and vocal about how management spends its money," she said.

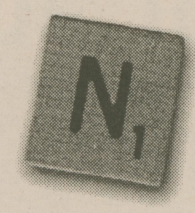
Tired of writing notes to yourself? *Write for us.*

Come down to *the Martlet*. We're always looking for new writers. And cartoonists, photographers, graphic geniuses, designers, and web developers. And especially copy editors. Oh, how we love copy editors!

Stop by room B011 in the SUB or email martlet@uvic.ca.

C'mon, everybody! Volunteer for *the Martlet*.





by Suzanne Beaubien

Good *Martlet* readers know that the campus paper's namesake is a mythical bird with no feet. It cannot land, and instead flies forever. Here in Yellowknife, NWT, where I've been stationed since my stint at UVic's student newspaper, the sun is like a martlet. It circles in the sky, dipping below the horizon for a few hours each night, but it never really lands. I go to bed near midnight, and the sky is light. As I draw the blinds, I think to myself: I'll never sleep.

I went camping and argued with my friends; they thought the sun was coming up. I said it was still going down. We walked down to the river, a tributary of the MacKenzie, and over the canyon, there it was, swooping back up into the early morning sky. My watch read 2:30 a.m.

Before I came up here, the long days were as appealing as graduation was in my last year of university. Every month, people told me, Yellowknife gets three more hours of daylight. The reverse is true for winter. But now the days unfurl in front of me like a long roll of fabric tumbling down a hill. I used to worry about losing daylight hours, knowing it could rain any minute on the Island. I should not sit inside, sleep, send long emails, or watch a whole season of *Sex and the City* when it is sunny. I should be outside.

But how do you do that when the sun stays up later than you do every night? And how do you avoid panic when your post-grad future extends beyond the normal parameters of your imagination?

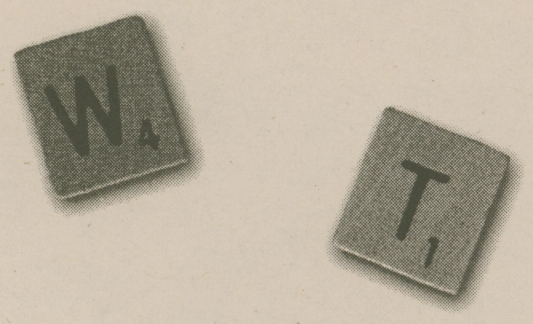
Before I graduated, I worried non-stop about what the next year would bring. My graduation anxiety was tangible: I spent long hours in the Student Union Building dungeon perfecting assignments on the *Martlet* computers, poring over university calendars, and staring at my resumé long and hard. Nothing I had done was enough to secure my place in the world, I thought.

But there are jobs everywhere in the North, I was told. They're practically giving them out hand over fist at the airport. Indeed, the employment ads in the community paper seem to indicate an enormous amount of opportunity for the educated, and I found work quickly. Millions of dollars are stirred around a community of 18,000 people, and everybody needs help. Minimum wage is ignored here because the average wage is so much higher, but many of the good jobs will only go to Northerners or Aboriginal people. Priority hiring programs mean resumés get shuffled from top down in order of birth, background and sex. However, jobs in health, education and the media are plentiful, and as a hopeful graduate from the professional writing program at UVic, coming here made sense.

I flew in a few fervent days after my last paper was due, and when I got here the snow had just started to melt. Within a week it had receded, and the ice road was closed. Eight winter month's-worth of garbage lined the dusty streets, and I thought to myself: What have I done? On the days I didn't work I walked down to the lake by myself and threw rocks onto the ice. They chipped and skidded but didn't break through. One day I might do it, I thought. But then, who would I tell? My friends were few, and I was broke. The move had exhausted any leftover loan from the previous semester, and I had yet to be paid. I was also cold, though I seemed to be the only one. People trundled around town in t-shirts while the mall thermometer read "0."

I grew up on the Island. I attended and graduated from university, found love, made friends, and worked eight different jobs there, so I wasn't sure what to expect from a land-locked place way up north, only 500 kilometres from the Arctic Circle. The Island is warm, wet and dotted with my friends and family. The North is cold, dark, and peopled with gold miners and sled dogs. People go to the grocery store on

> "The NWT is a hotbed of activity in terms of resource development, treaty negotiations, environmental destruction and federal vs. territorial vs. aboriginal politics. For wannabe journalists, that means enough news to go around, though most Yellowknifers really just want to know whether or not the city is going to outlaw scavenging at the dump."



Northern D 2 ispatches:

Suzanne Beaubien finds there is life after university in the land where the sun never sets

their snow mobiles. I could never get used to it. One summer of four-hour sunsets would be enough, I thought, and then I would be on to my next adventure. But in the past three months I've developed a fascination for the North that won't be quenched by summer's end.

In Yellowknife polar bear decals adorn garbage cans, license plates and schlock tourist mugs, though no polar bears are to be seen. Public drunkenness is sadly the norm, and every winter people wander off drunk into the bush and freeze to death. The grocery stores run out of ice cream during the last few weeks of spring, after the ice road across Great Slave Lake has closed and the McKenzie River ferry has yet to run. Sunday Scrabble games at the coffee shop are considered recreation, and it was over a game that I cemented my relationship with the Snow King.

I first met the Snow King at the Cave, a divey little bar beneath the main street. Not just some two-bit prince of winter, but the King. He's this pony-tailed guy who builds a castle out of ice every winter and then holds a big festival in it with puppet shows, a gala and even fireworks. The town loves him. The ladies love him. I don't know why his wife lets him out of the house.

He demanded a kiss upon shaking my hand.

"When I meet someone new, I try to extract a kiss," he said. So I offered up a cheek and he kissed it. Then I grabbed his stubbly chin and turned it, kissing him back.

The following week I met him again at the Black Night Pub. He tried to sell me his pink float home for 20 grand, after drawing a diagram of its layout on a paper napkin. I turned it down because I would have to canoe home every night and shit in a bucket. He wore a beige suede fringe jacket and worn jeans. Before I left, he made me kiss him once again, this time on the mouth. I tried to get out of it. I put my hand over his face, and kissed on top of that, but he whined at me, "It's not like I'm going to stick my tongue down your throat." Forget the Welcome Wagon, befriend the King and Yellowknife is your oyster.

I beat him at Scrabble just a few weeks later, on the only night it snowed since I got here. The next day I ran into a few acquaintances on Main Street. The word was already out: they asked me about my win. Nathan, the Global television reporter, slyly prodded: "He says he gave it to you. Said he opened up two triple word scores on purpose." The King.

The NWT is a hotbed of activity in terms of resource development, treaty negotiations, environmental destruction and federal vs. territorial vs. aboriginal politics. For wannabe journalists, that means enough news to go around, though most Yellowknifers really just want to know whether or not the city is going to outlaw scavenging at the dump. Just being here was enough to land me my first professional journalism gig only a month after I arrived. The morning Michel Chrétien's trial for sexual assault began (yep, that Chrétien, the PM's son) I phoned the editor at Canadian Press. He told me they'd never send someone with no experience to a huge criminal court case.

"Who else are you going to send?" I asked.

He paused.

"When does it start?"

"Ten minutes ago."

"Run."

There was no time for a resumé or a cover letter, and though he called the *Martlet* editor to confirm I wasn't a moron, really he took me on the wily seat of my pants. I bought a new notepad at Sutherland's Drugs and ran to the courthouse, arriving at 9:30 a.m. At the base of the spiral staircase, an enormous sign outlined the protocol on cell phones and cameras in all 11 of the Territory's official languages, nine of them completely unrecognizable to me. I quickly guessed which room the trial was in.

Thankfully, I recognized the CBC and Global journalists sitting in the front row and hunkered down behind them, filling my spiral-bound pad in three days-time. I filed my daily stories over the pay phone in the Centre Square Mall, and met the other journalists across the street at the pub when each day was through. Over pints (not pitchers, they don't sell those here in Yellowknife) we considered the trial. Was he guilty? Most of us agreed: Regardless, he probably wouldn't be convicted.

The final day of the trial was the most exciting day of my post-grad existence. My editor told me to call the very minute court proceedings wrapped up. This is why CP copy gets printed everywhere; they don't wait for the reporter to write it all out, spell check and send. Instead the reporter dictates the lead, main points and quotes over the phone and together with the editor it gets written. Then, after the editor reads it back once, the story gets put on the wire, to be picked up by all the dailies for the next day's national news. Canadian Press also has its own radio network called Broadcast Network News (BNN). When I was interviewed for BNN on the pay phone, a drunk man tried to pry the receiver from my hand. I fished him a quarter from my purse as I described the mood in the courtroom when the verdict was announced. (The complainant's family cried.) When I passed him the receiver (The accused left quickly), I knew I fit in this town, and wouldn't be leaving anytime soon (no comment, said the Crown).

My stories ran in daily papers across the country, and my voice played on the air from Nanaimo to Halifax. Two days later my mom sent me money to buy a cell phone. With it, I can now write "freelancer" as my occupation instead of the former default, "student."

The following week I went back to the lake, pocketing a few rocks on the trail down to the water's edge. But when I got down to the water, I had to laugh. The lake had melted over the last long night. I plopped my rocks in the water and walked along the trail. Maybe next year, I thought.

Since then, I've written and read the daily regional news for CKLB, the native radio station that plays all country, all the time. CKLB is probably the only radio station in the world whose Top 10 still features Patsy Cline's "Stand By Your Man." Though I'm the token white girl, the other staff have taken to me, if only because I make self-deprecating jokes and don't mind their teasing.

While one of the afternoon hosts was on vacation, the Snow King took his place. The daily news plays every hour on the half-hour, and the King introduced me on-air as "Suzie B."

"Up next we have a pretty little girl with the regional news update," he said, then let the minidisk play. I listened from my office as my five-minute news clip played before the King rounded up the broadcast with another cheery, "Thank you Suzie B.!"

A few months ago I would have felt belittled, any credibility quashed under the weight of my new nickname. I would have called him politically incorrect–sexist, even. But now, I felt secretly pleased. I have a nickname. I have arrived.

After his show finished, I cornered the King.

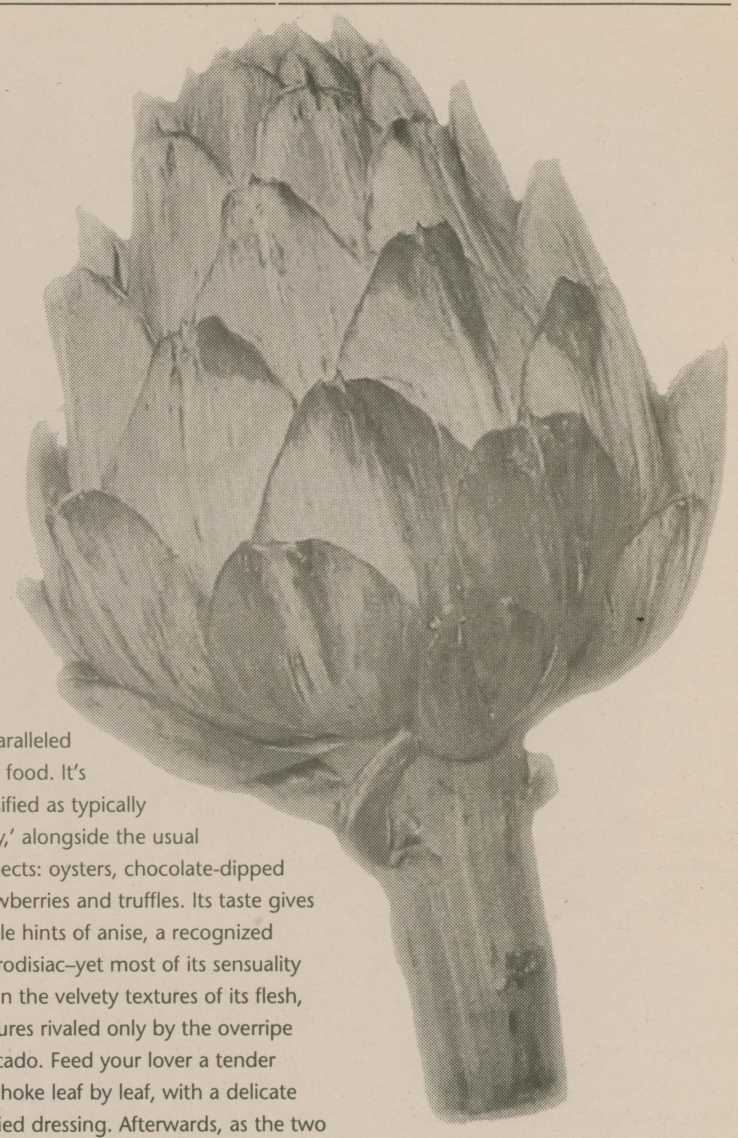
"I used all my letters on the first turn yesterday. Seventy-four points for 'bruises,'" I said.

"Bruises, eh?" he replied. "Must've been a rough game."

Tonight, the night I finally sat down to write this story, I got my degree in the mail. It's 11:30 p.m. and the sun glows orange into my room, lighting my name in the blue plastic folder. As I draw the blinds, I think to myself: I'll never sleep. But somehow, I always do.

The Irrepressible Artichoke:

Something spiky this way comes



by Jess Hampton

Victoria is belatedly easing into summer, although the weather has hinted otherwise. The prospect of patio hibachi-cooking and late night barbecues is wavering; without mild, breezy afternoons and warm nights, things like charred hot dogs and warm lemonade remain profoundly trapped in mediocrity.

Blissful childhood memories transform these foods: a bite of bland potato salad can instantly take us back to those carefree summer days at the beach, when sand and sunscreen got into the potato chips and, somehow, that was okay. Without hot weather to remind us of these times, these dubious delicacies lose their attraction.

I recently discovered a perfect food that transcends the limitations of the meaty, mayo-based snacks of the average summer barbecue. Spiky exterior aside, the artichoke could be the ideal summer food. It's easy to cook, and can be dressed up or down, depending on the circumstances. Having guests? It's classy with clarified butter. Alone and in your underwear? Eat it with mayonnaise. With a taste somewhere between asparagus and licorice, and a wealth of rich textures within its leaves, it is decadent regardless of how it is served.

A regular globe artichoke can be boiled or steamed – but before either of these, it has to be prepared. It's an easy process: simply break off its stem close to the base, chop an inch or so off of its pointed top, and cut the tips from its spiky leaves with a pair of scissors. Wash it well, making sure to get between the leaves. If you choose to steam the artichoke, you will have to wait awhile longer (it takes about half an hour) but if you like your leaves al dente, you'll prefer this method. I recommend boiling, as it takes only fifteen minutes, and ensures a tender leaf and base.

While the artichoke eating process is somewhat complicated, it revives the lost art of eating with the hands–a neglected and very pleasurable experience. Remove a leaf, dip it, and scrape its tender underside off with your teeth. The closer you get to the inside of the artichoke, the less of the leaf has to be discarded, until–bliss!–the entire thing can be eaten. Remember to save the base of the artichoke as well–it has a unique, mellow taste. Discard the leaf rinds and the fuzzy insides of the artichoke.

Pick a light, savory dip if you plan on serving artichoke to guests. While dressings like mayonnaise or melted butter complement it perfectly, they inevitably reduce it to snack food status. I came up with the following dip through trial and error:

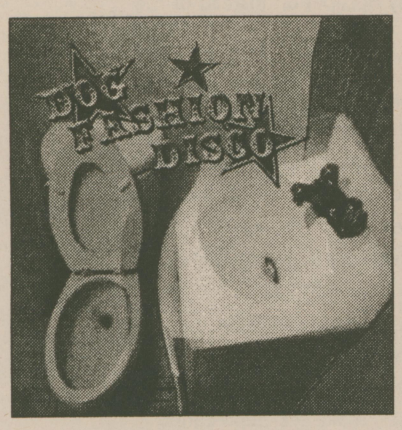
Blend the following:
1 egg
1/2 tsp kelp power
1/2 cup extra virgin olive oil
1 1/2 tsp minced garlic
1 tablespoon lemon juice

It seems to do the trick. It's light, yet rich, and will keep for two or three days in the fridge.

Besides being a fantastic summer appetizer, an artichoke also makes an unparalleled date food. It's classified as typically 'sexy,' alongside the usual suspects: oysters, chocolate-dipped strawberries and truffles. Its taste gives subtle hints of anise, a recognized aphrodisiac–yet most of its sensuality lies in the velvety textures of its flesh, textures rivaled only by the overripe avocado. Feed your lover a tender artichoke leaf by leaf, with a delicate curried dressing. Afterwards, as the two of you languish in the balmy summer twilight, sucking dip from your fingers, you'll breathe a sigh a relief that you didn't serve potato salad.

A sleepy sunset in the Church of Satan

This month's rousing collection of CD reviews



Dog Fashion Disco
Committed to a Bright Future
Spitfire Records

by Petro Palaroan

My first listen to Dog Fashion Disco's *Committed to a Bright Future*, immediately transported me back to my first summer job, a job from hell cutting sheet metal. Unfortunately, listening to most of the tracks on this album makes me want to put my head into a metal vise and squeeze really hard.

Dog Fashion Disco has produced an album of mostly perverse, loud and aggressive hard rock tracks with most of the 12 songs sounding the same. DFD sound a lot like Alice Cooper wannabees. This album verges on satanic heavy metal rock tunes written with clichéd and twisted lyrics. For example on "Love Song For a Witch": "She was a witch from Salem Massachusetts a high priestess of the occult in the church of Satan." And on "Rapist Eyes," it continues: "Draw me a blood bath o' sweet rapist eyes as all the bruised babies hum lullabies." With tracks like these, it's no wonder DFD gets little radio play.

However, they did manage to produce two outstanding songs that tear it up, "Pogo the Clown" and "Déjà Vu." These two tunes really show that this band is capable of producing original material that highlights their strengths in controversial lyrics, great vocals and a hard rock edge. "Pogo the Clown" fuses lyrics such as "...pogo happy clown molester paints his face to disguise the jester ..." set to a pop/rock radio friendly beat and "Déjà Vu" contains some quirky and interesting non-traditional instrument selections like keyboard, sax, flute, trumpet. Think Glenn Miller on acid. Both these tracks give a glimpse into DFD's versatility, range and willingness to experiment and create a new heavy metal sound.

This band hails from Washington, D.C. and is made up of Todd Smith on vocals, Stephen Mears on bass, Jeff Siegel on keyboard and Mike Oliver on drums. Committed is their second album.

Morning Star
My Place In The Dust
Sink and Stove/ Microbe

by Ashley Little

An album as gentle and calm as summer twilight, *My Place In The Dust from Morning Star* is one to play on a lazy afternoon, in the wee hours, or on a long and scenic journey.

Lead vocalist, guitarist and violinist, Jesse D. Vernon yearns for beauty, peace and waves amongst a luscious array of brass, flute, keyboard, accordion, stand up bass and more. This album is a relaxing and pleasing medley of acoustic rock, folk, and bohemian twang. With lyrics like "So I buried my head in the beauty" and "Music is like love/except we do not/we do not/touch", Vernon manages to wax romantic without crossing the sappy line. The sole instrumental track, "Gravity", is reminiscent of surf music and floats the listener out of the dust and into the clouds. Although the album title suggests earth/soil, the songs are definitely water based and roll out with fluidity. Vernon hails from the early 90's band Moonflowers and Invisible Pair of Hands, a collective he formed with members of Portishead.

The slow and dreamy ballads from *My Place In The Dust* may be compared to bands like Dream City Film Club, Sparklehorse or Leonard Cohen.

A warm, smooth trip, Morning Star makes for luminous listening.

Sarah Slean
Night Bugs
Atlantic

by Trey McNeil

I have to be honest. I didn't really think I would like this record.

All the descriptions I heard had the words "jazz" and "pop" as the main descriptors. As a veteran hard rocker, I couldn't see how I could like it. Luckily, I am also a fan of good music---any good music. I decided to give this album a spin and was pleasantly surprised. Sarah Slean glows, in that sleepy, sunset, throw-another-log-on-the-fire kind of way.

After the first track, the 1930's influenced "Eliot," I was still a bit skeptical. After track two, the wonderful "Weight," the record was growing on me, but after the third track, a beautiful lament for the departed "Duncan," I was completely under Slean's pixie spell. The lyrics are sweet, witty, philosophical and at times downright whimsical. Her back-up band, consisting primarily of fellow Canadian Hawksley Workman, is cool, tight and professional, yet surprisingly understated. The drums are there but they are not the main instrument that you hear. Slean's classically trained piano is the focal point, her beautiful voice rising above it all like a phoenix.

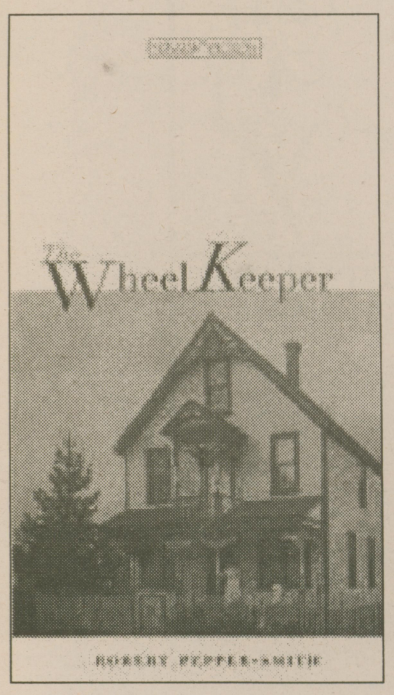
Slean has a great sense of humour that comes out in titles such as "Book Smart, Street Stupid" and in the lyrics of songs such as "Bank Accounts," a blazing mockery of consumer culture. Consider the first verse: "I have a future/I have substantial bank accounts/Make lots a money and hope it don't run out/I am a beauty/Just takes me four, five hours a day/Is this the game I'm supposed to know how to play?" Ouch! Take that high society!

For all the head bangers out there, do not let the media hype fool you. Despite the title of "Night Bugs" and the prominence of sweet melodies, this is not a disc of lullabies.

Don't let the synthesizer intro throw you. The intro gives way to a strong, straight-ahead, surprisingly edgy rock song.

Slean has put together a strong, confident album that I think deserves to be heard. There is something here for everyone.

Fat pigeons and the scent of orange



by Briony Smith

Robert Pepper-Smith's first novel *The Wheel Keeper* interweaves two stories about the pain of loss and displacement. Set in the Arrow Lake region of British Columbia, south of Revelstoke, *The Wheel Keeper* tells the tale of a grandmother's forced emigration from Italy to Canada after the birth of an illegitimate child, interwoven with the story of a young boy who must cope with the threat of his village being flooded for the purpose of building a dam and the effect this has on his family.

I met with Robert Pepper-Smith in a small cafe filled with dusty books. Imagining him to be a wild-haired mustachioed giant, I was surprised to find a small man with warm eyes and a quiet way of speaking. Although clean-looking, he had an air of earthiness about him that suggested that he spent his days gardening, his hands feeling the cool earth, leaving dirty smudges on his skin.

As a man who tills the soil, he must feel the pain of uprooting: the washing away of flora and fauna, the displacement of people, his ancestors. His first book, *The Wheel Keeper,* concerns a valley threatened by the creation of a dam that will flood the villages that lie in its curve; Pepper-Smith lived near a valley threatened with flooding when he was a child, allowing him to draw on experience in penning his book. "It was a fertile valley, with vegetable farms and orchards," he remembered. He felt sadness about how the government was caught up in the cost-effectiveness of flooding, rather than concerning themselves with what the social cost might be. Pepper-Smith explores this side of the flooding in *The Wheel Keeper,* describing the tensions that run high in the Italian émigré community. Many of the Italian émigrés were dependent on the land for survival, making an impending flood a death knell for their livelihood in a new country.

This book is partially set in the 1800s, when Italian immigrants and persons descended from Italian immigrants made up 3.4 per cent of the Canadian population. Their immigration wasn't encouraged by the government promoters of the campaign for western settlement like Clifford Sifton, who viewed their character as "unsuitable" for pioneering life, akin to artisans and other city-dwellers. Despite this lack of encouragement, Italian immigrants flocked to British Columbia, digging their feet, worn with the dust of Rome and Venice, into the fertile soil of the interior.

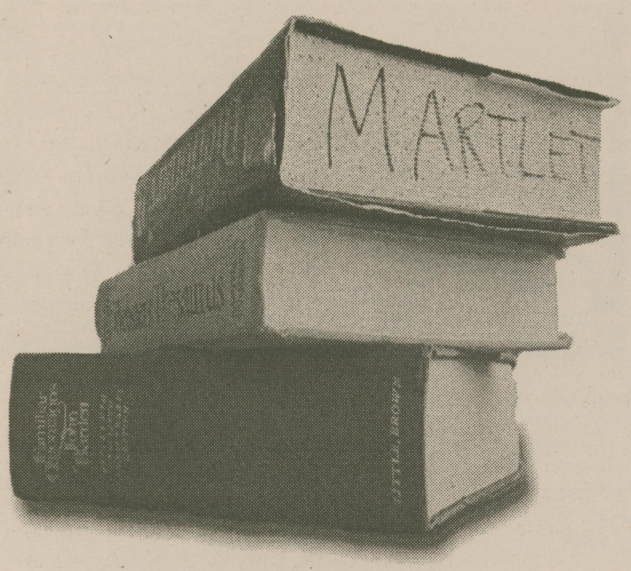
Pepper-Smith brings the natural setting of the Arrow Lake region to life through his images, his description, rich in scent, colour, feel, the shiny memories of his childhood alive on the page. It is this gift for beautiful imagery that is the strength of *The Wheel Keeper*. Pepper-Smith has created many gorgeous images in his book that are memorable and unique, such as the description of a bootmaker plying his trade.

"[The boots] rested in the bootmaker's hands like fat pigeons the colour of milk. They were asleep. The bootmaker ran his hands that glistened with beeswax over their wings. They were like birds that slept in wells. At the bench he covered the boot moulds with a leather sheet. The leather was soft, subtle, indistinct in colour; it had been worked to exhaustion, and it shed the pale colour of buried asparagus shoots."

This type of description lingers in the mind, like the scent of oranges a character in the book perfumes her tresses with by crushing orange peel throughout her hair. But despite the originality of these images, there is a marked lack of clarity in the narrative. The two story threads are interwoven, but the switches between the two are not clearly demarcated.

The relationships between the different members of the family are sometimes unclear. Even the title character, the Wheel Keeper, has a profession that is described in a irritatingly vague fashion. The reader is forced into having to re-read to try and discern who everyone is, what exactly is going on. This ultimately made me throw down the book in frustration. Thus, *The Wheel Keeper* made no lasting impression on me, with the exception of the scent of orange, a glimpse of an oiled pigeon in my mind.

Poetry that's lighter than black, darker than white



Darker than Blue
Kim Trusty
McGilligan Books

by Ashley Little

A voluptuous, fiery, and refreshingly confident Canadian Jamaican, Kim Trusty has released her first book of poetry *Darker than Blue* into the world at large.

Trusty's style is immediate and accessible, perfect for the contemporary reader, with layers of complexity throughout. Her carefully crafted poems use language that is smart and biting, relating her experiences, desires, and frustrations of being: a woman, a black and white woman, a daughter, a sister, in love, a slave to language, part of a technological society, lost, whole, a Torontonian, and a human.

Trusty's character shines through her rhythmic poetry to reveal her strong, endearing personality. A fan of mangos, kissing, and revolution, this poet has succeeded in making the most personal universal.

"Commuter Radiation" speaks of cell phones and God, while "Making the Margin our Centre" refers to feminist writer Bell Hooks' advice. In the collection, Trusty reveals her hesitation to "give up week long silences/fresh mangos and PDAs for/ speed-walking/ fast tracking or/ the second coming."

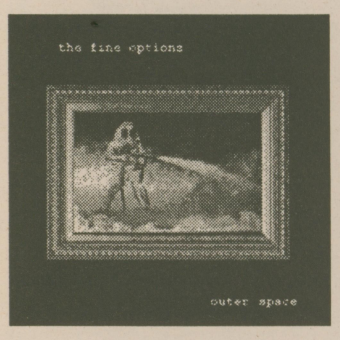
The writing is simple but lovely and smacking with passion and wit.

Trusty was the winner of Fireweed's 2001 First Annual Poetry Contest and was an editor for the generation-defining issue of Fireweed, "Revolution Girl Style."

I highly recommend this small book of poems for an enjoyable, energizing read. I will close with my favourite lines from the poem "So Many Maybes for Girls Like Us: A Love Song for Bertha Mason-Rochester":

cause I'd be thinking about
all those things
all those things
I lost
turning them over
and over
in my mind
until the friction
sparked an idea
sparked a flame
sparked a bonfire
sparked a fucking inferno
and enough heat
to melt my prison
into a permanent
installation piece

More aural pleasure: CD reviews cont'd



The Fine Options
Outer Space AND
Vacation in Outer Space (We're in Outer Space)
Independent

by Vanessa Neuman

It is rare, to say the least, for a band to release two CDs at exactly the same time, especially when they are their debut CDs.

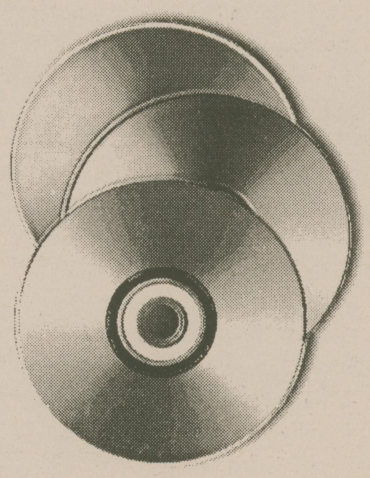
It's a whole damn lot of work, and there's always the risk of redundancy. Fortunately that's a problem that never surfaces in this case, as *Outer Space* and *Vacation* are completely different CDs, each equally worth listening to.

If you are familiar with local rockers The Fine Options, the style of music played on *Outer Space* is what you are used to hearing at their shows, albeit not quite as loud. It highlights their own brand of rock, favorites being "Wally Anderson" that, with its slightly mournful opening, prophesied the unfortunate gentleman's death, and "Whiskey Hellcatz" with its mix of organ, guitar and vocal harmonies. This album also contains the songs that you might have heard on the Zone back in March when they were the Band of the Month.

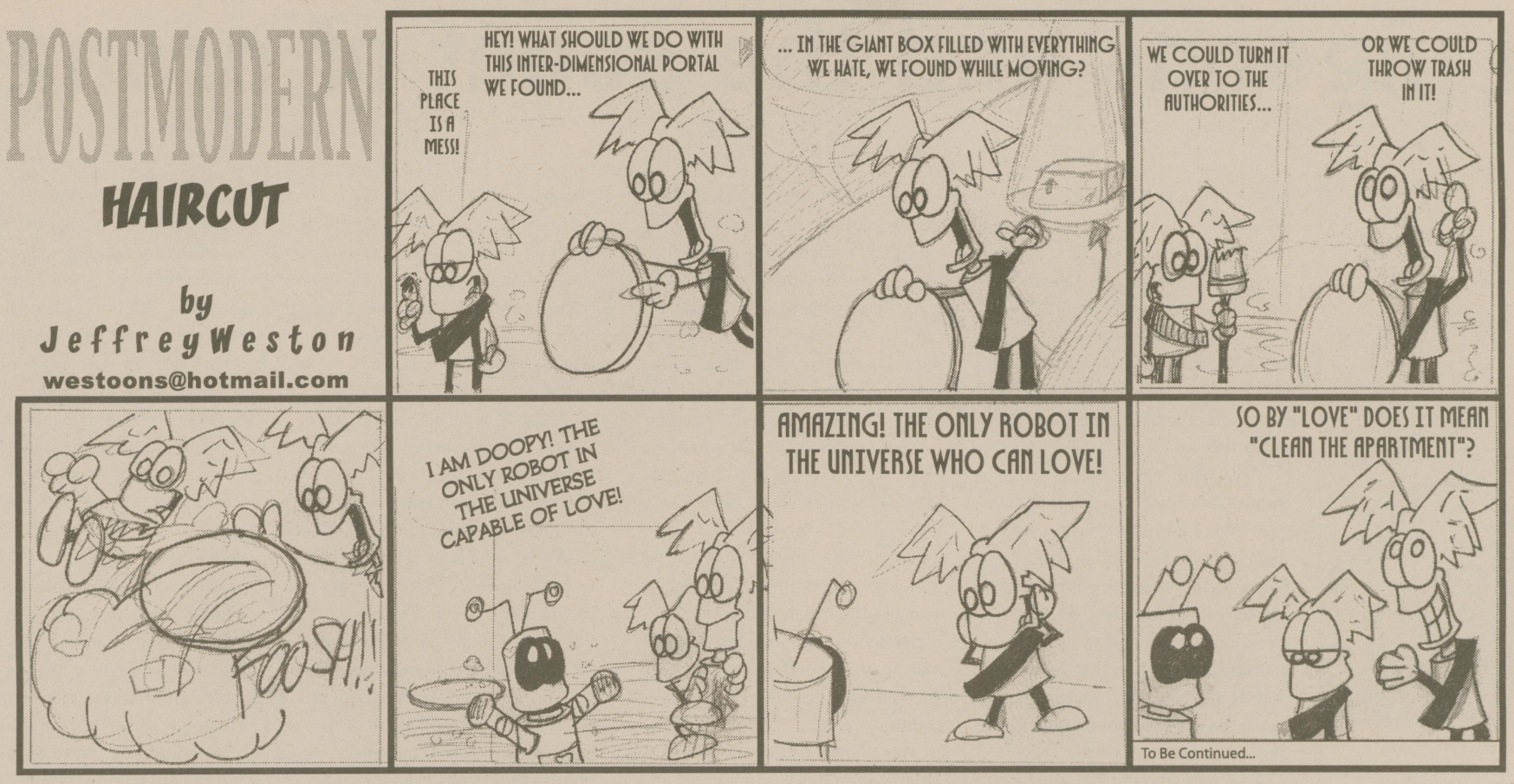
Vacation is an about-face from the first CD. Put out by as a b-side collection, it sounds like a journey into the past while at the same time staying firmly in the present. "Jelatine Girl" has the faint taste of surf music, while "Jimmy Goes Downtown to Score Some Crack" smacks of 60's brit-pop. Each song's style is totally different from the last and while this makes it a bit disconnected at times, it is also what makes the album so very cool.

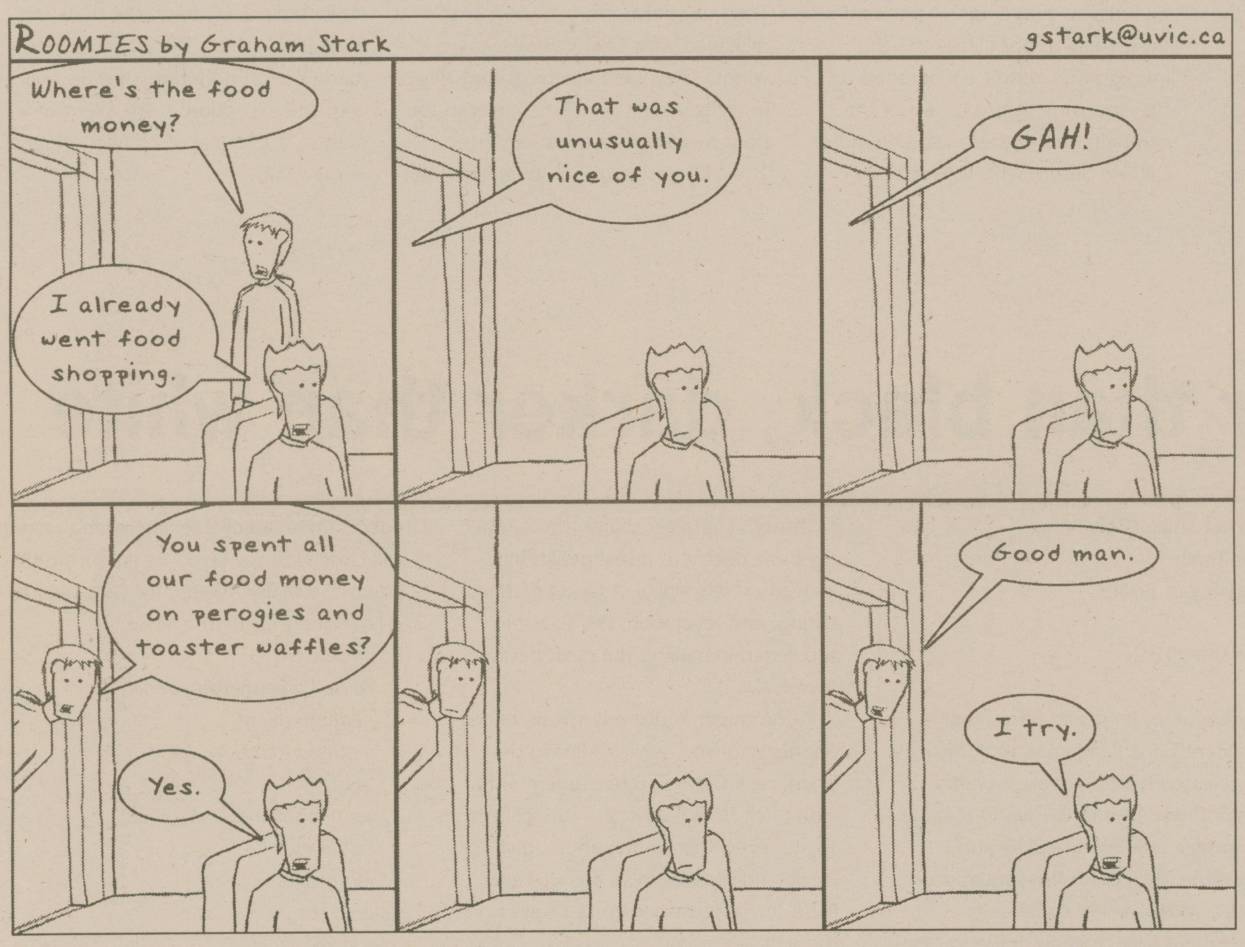
I would say that *Vacation* is more vocals driven, while *Space* has more to do with the instruments, although neither statement is really true. The two albums highlight different aspects of the band: their "rock" side and their quieter, more experimental side.

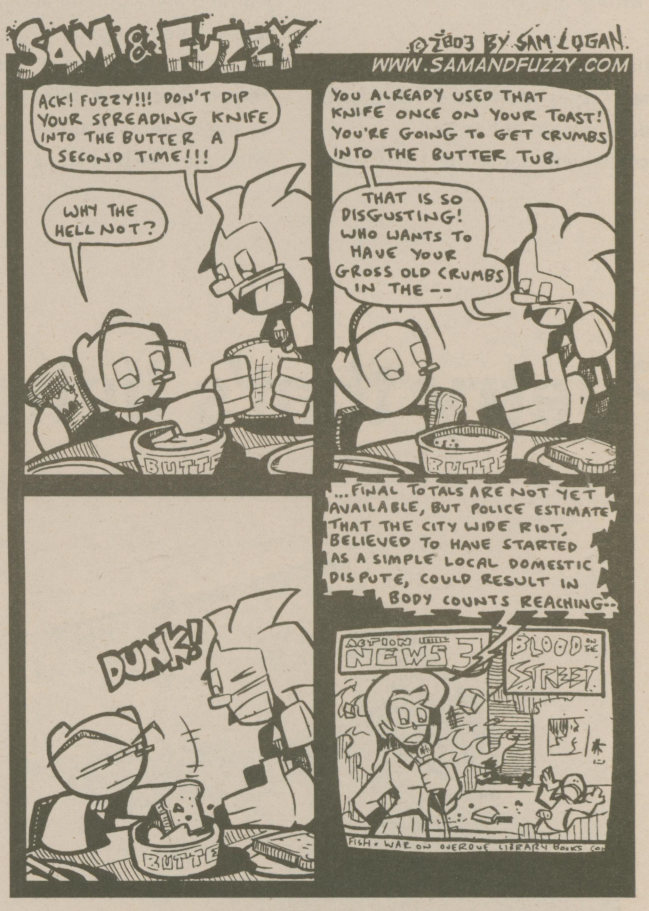
If you're going to buy only one CD, go with *Outer Space*, especially if you aren't that familiar with The Fine Options. It's a solid introduction to the band and their music. But my recommendation is to get both, for neither one alone gives you the full experience.



COMICS AND CLASSIFIEDS


POSTMODERN
HAIRCUT
by
JeffreyWeston
westoons@hotmail.com
THIS PLACE IS A MESS!
HEY! WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THIS INTER-DIMENSIONAL PORTAL WE FOUND...
... IN THE GIANT BOX FILLED WITH EVERYTHING WE HATE, WE FOUND WHILE MOVING?
WE COULD TURN IT OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES...
OR WE COULD THROW TRASH IN IT!
FOOSH!!!
I AM DOOPY! THE ONLY ROBOT IN THE UNIVERSE CAPABLE OF LOVE!
AMAZING! THE ONLY ROBOT IN THE UNIVERSE WHO CAN LOVE!
SO BY "LOVE" DOES IT MEAN "CLEAN THE APARTMENT"?
To Be Continued...




SAM & FUZZY
©2003 BY SAM LOGAN.
WWW.SAMANDFUZZY.COM
ACK! FUZZY!!! DON'T DIP YOUR SPREADING KNIFE INTO THE BUTTER A SECOND TIME!!!
WHY THE HELL NOT?
YOU ALREADY USED THAT KNIFE ONCE ON YOUR TOAST! YOU'RE GOING TO GET CRUMBS INTO THE BUTTER TUB.
THAT IS SO DISGUSTING! WHO WANTS TO HAVE YOUR GROSS OLD CRUMBS IN THE --
DUNK!
...FINAL TOTALS ARE NOT YET AVAILABLE, BUT POLICE ESTIMATE THAT THE CITY WIDE RIOT, BELIEVED TO HAVE STARTED AS A SIMPLE LOCAL DOMESTIC DISPUTE, COULD RESULT IN BODY COUNTS REACHING--
ACTION LIBRIS NEWS 3
BLOOD ON THE STREET
FIGHT WAR ON OVERDUE LIBRARY BOOKS !@!

Billboards

on campus

OPEN HOUSE – Society for Students with a Disability
The SSD is a vital and active group on campus and we are looking for your input! Come by Wednesday July 23rd between 11am – 3pm to SUB room B102. Snacks and beverages provided and all are welcome.

off campus

Pachanga Latina Presents: **Noches Latinas** every Saturday night 8pm-1am. Latin Dance Party with DJ Moises & Salsa instructor Ronald Martinez workshop 8-9:30pm. Cover $8, workshop $3. Princess Mary Restuarant 358 Harbour Rd. Call 477-6051 for more information or visit www.pachangalatina.ca.

Interested in playing music? The Victoria Bluegrass Association hosts bluegrass jams every Tuesday night this summer at the Orange Hall, on the corner of Fernwood and Balmoral. Players of all levels are welcome. $2 for players, listeners free.

The JAMES BAY MARKET – Fresh local produce, spring flowers, artworks, food and live music, SATURDAYS 9am - 3pm. Menzies & Superior, 381-5323 FREE

announcements

Notice: There has been no evidence of any recent activity by the Physical Education or Astronomy Course Unions. Provided that no member's response is received prior to August 27 2003, the Director of Academics will declare the registration of these course unions to be abandoned until such a time as members re-activate them.

help wanted

TEACH ENGLISH Overseas: Jobs $$ Guaranteed - Great Pay. TESOL Certified in 5 days in-class (online or by correspondence). **FREE** Information Seminar **FREE** Infopak: 1-888-270-2941 or visit globaltesol.com

Let the job search begin!
The Hire-a-Student office is open for the summer of 2003. We are ready to assist businesses and youth in fulfilling their summer employment needs. The Hire-a-Student office provides job postings, interview advice, resume building, casual labour, and job search strategies. Visit us at #101-3939 Quadra St. M-F, 8:30am-4:30pm or call 363-0344.

accomodations

Student Housing
Looking for a place to live, or a roomie? Need to sublet your place, or buy or sell furniture?
Check out **homes4students.ca** – a free service of the Canadian Federation of Students through your students' society.

for sale

Camera – Pentax MZ-7 with 28mm-105mm zoom lens. 3.5 years old, great condition. Fully automatic to fully manual options. Asking $350. Phone 380-6699.

Garage Sale! Leaving Victoria and everything I own is for sale. Books, good clothes, some furniture, kitchen items, shoes, nic-nacs, and lots of neat stuff. Come by 129 Medana St. (in James Bay) on **Saturday, July 26th**.

hey you

C'est la vie, I see. We come, we go, and the world turns away from us. I'll miss you.

To all the guitar-playing cynics, bread-baking accordianists and drowsy-eyed, raved-out capoeiristas: We love y'all.

Billboard Rates:

Students and Clubs - $2/issue
Non-Students - $2/line
Businesses - $5.50/3lines
+ $2/extra line

hey you! - free